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NO. 6.

MIDSUMMER TERM, 1919

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Students and Friends of the R.A.M. To be published each Term.

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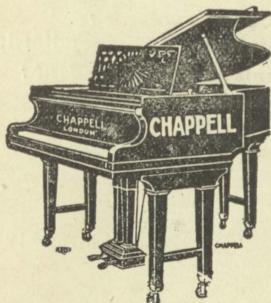
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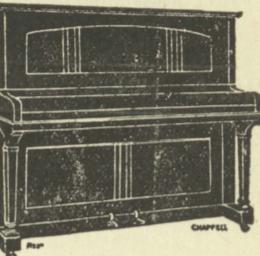


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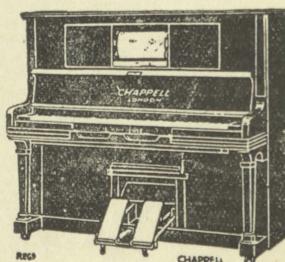
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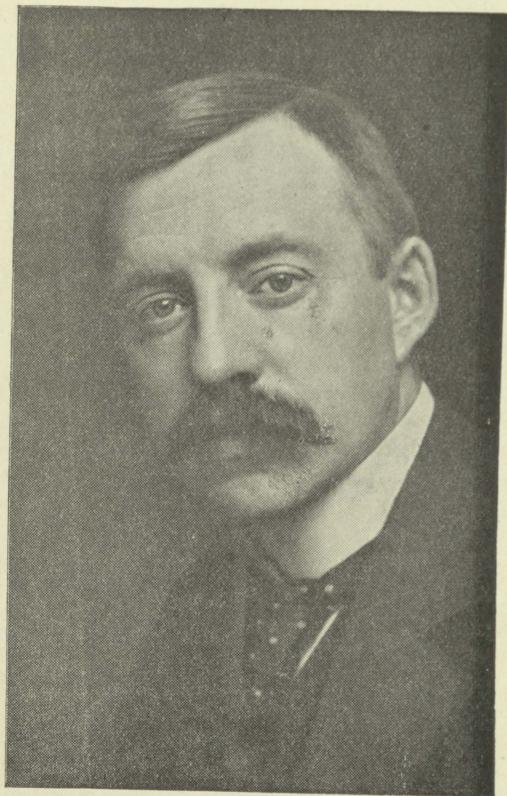
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The late STANLEY HAWLEY.

The Academite.

Editorial.



THE present issue of the *Academite* brings us within hail of Peace. However Academy students may elect to express their rejoicing, theirs is at least the privilege of being able to select for themselves fitting music for such expression.

Make no mistake, I have no vision of the Professors and Students of the R.A.M. walking down Marylebone Road, each with a flag in one hand and the much discussed Motherland Song-Book in the other. No, the English are "not good at" organised rejoicing, and although musician and layman will each make music on such an occasion, each will make it in his own way. Many little groups of the former class will foregather on the evening of the great day, and we may be sure that in the ensuing music-making room will be found for such simple and English things as Vaughan Williams's "Roadside Fire" and Walford Davies' "Home"; and if the giddy element in the party breaks out in the smaller hours with "I'm Seventeen Come Sunday" and "Widdicombe Fair," why, so much the merrier. Of course, there will be many of us, musical and unmusical, who, like Rupert Brooke, "will pack and take a train," and hie to some well-loved spot of English countryside, where all day will be heard no songs but those that come from the feathered people, and from

"Little kindly winds that creep
Round twilight corners, half asleep."

The many-headed multitude, however, will be celebrating victory and thanking the good gods for the safety of our villages to the strains of the transatlantic music-hall, and it is much too late to get any but small sections of them to do anything else on this occasion.

Now, the majority of us are English students, and each of us ought to have within him a white-hot resolve that the next occasion of National rejoicing shall not be acclaimed with the "K-K-K-Katy" of the moment. After all, it is *our* affair. We are the people who have to leave the musical lump of the next generation. The rank

and file of us students, those of us, I mean, who have the gumption to know that our pianism is not that of Myra Hess, that our fiddling is not that of Albert Sammons, that our compositions are but small-beer, we, nevertheless love music no whit the less because we know we are only rushlights and not stars. And we, the rank and file, it is, who collectively, will help to form the musical taste of thousands of our pupils, friends, choir and band members, and so on.

The English music-teacher in the past has been a bad lot. He has been an intellectually lazy person, content to acquiesce in the business methods of the money-making publisher, and to buy the cheap and nasty "Children's Music" advertised by that astute gentleman. The Organist, too, has been in the habit of aiding (save the mark!) the devout in their worship with sloppy tunes and mawkish anthems which degrade and not elevate the moral tone of choir and people. Now, there is no excuse for this. The modern piano-teacher has at hand quite a large repertory of English music for his elementary and advanced pupils (for the middle grade, curiously, not half so much good music is available). Also, there are hosts of fine tunes and many fine anthems (without the usual flavour of saccharine) within the grasp of every choir-master. There is lots of good English verse worthily set for the singer.

But we must set to work without delay to give the Elementary-School child a chance to know the existence, at least, of the best. It is good for these children, doubtless, to learn, as they are doing, something of our heritage of folk-tunes, but we ought not to rest satisfied till every school has its pianola and has fine music (and English music at that) played to its scholars; played, too, by a teacher who knows how to get the best out of the somewhat elusive instrument, and who has enough enthusiasm to get the imagination of the children to work. If we luckier people would only realize that the average English child's musical experience is limited to (1) his school singing-class (taken, perhaps, by a bored and unenthusiastic teacher), (2) feeble Sunday School hymns, (3) performances by an elder sister of Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp minor, as corrected and arranged by the same lady, and (4) the local music-hall, would not such a protest arise from the students of this country, as should begin the work of reform? That reform is needed cannot be gainsaid, and if we are to have worthy National Celebration and Pageantry in the future, the People's musical taste must be such that they shall disdain to sing unworthy music as accompaniment thereto. We must bear our part by catching the child of the new generation

E.G.

Academy Ballads, VII.

THE SONG OF THE SINGER.

For twelve or more years, since the time I was seven,
 I've practised my fiddle from nine till eleven.
 I've sawed and I've scraped, I have fingered and bowed
 Through all Kreutzer, Fiorillo, Viotti and Rode,
 But life is so short and I find my youth winging,
 I'll give up my music and go in for singing.

I slave at piano as I am a sinner
 From half-past eleven until early dinner;
 Then, if I've no shopping, till five o'clock tea
 I do scales and arpeggios in every key.
 Fresh hope in my desperate bosom is springing,
 I'll give up all music and go in for singing.

What evenings I've spent over Goss and Macfarren,
 Amid the wild deserts of harmony barren;
 I've learnt all the rules, even part understood,
 But I can't see they've done me an atom of good.
 What use to society counterpoint bringing?
 Enough of this music! I'll go in for singing.

O glorious singing, of arts the divinest!
 The amateur's every want thou combinest.
 Nor brains nor hard labour need hinder our choice.
 The only requirement is plenty of voice.
 To this resolution henceforward I'm clinging:
 Learn Music who will. I shall go in for singing.

From the December Number of "The Overture," 1890.

Origin and Progress of the R.A.M.

PART V.

T the prize-giving at the end of the year 1827 it was announced that no pupil should twice obtain the first prize in the same branch of music, which rule has, of course, held good ever since.

At the public concert held at the end of the year at the Hanover Rooms, some of the students distinguished themselves greatly. These were Miss Childe and Messieurs Sapio and Seguin, singers, and Mr. C. S. Packer, composer (who received glowing notices for his Italian Recitative and Aria). Miss Childe and Seguin were among the first R.A.M. students who afterwards distinguished themselves. They married, it will be remembered, and only recently one of their descendants bestowed a scholarship on the Academy.

Other promising students were Mudie and Charles Lucas, the latter of whom during the year 1827 won a prize of £5 for the best setting of an Operatic Finale.

The chief event of interest during the year 1828 was the institution of an operatic class. Sir Andrew Barnard gave £10 towards the expenses of this project and during the year everything gave way to the preparations for the performances.

These took place at the English Opera House on the 8th, 10th and 20th December, 1828, witnessed by what the *Morning Post* calls "a highly respectable company," which included one or two Royalties, and many members of the aristocracy (all patrons of the R.A.M.), as well as the friends of the students. "The performance, on the whole, was superior to anything that could have been anticipated for a first effort, and gave evident pleasure to an audience that seemed to be peculiarly interested in its success." Such was the opinion of the *Morning Post*, and the notices in other papers were equally eulogistic. Indeed, the performances of the principal singers, Sapiro, Seguin, and Miss Childe made such a genuine impression on the audience that several offers of engagements were made to them by different managers. These, however, were declined by the Committee, who decided that "nothing should be allowed to interfere with the young people's studies."

The fact that the success of these performances was pecuniary as well as artistic must have been very gratifying to the Academy authorities, who had been so perturbed at the continued shortage of funds that they had cut down the supply of medals at the recent prize distribution, and the ceremony had proceeded with somewhat maimed rites. A kindly offer of £30 was made by some patron of the R.A.M. for distribution amongst the students to console them for the loss of their medals. Though this was gratefully accepted, the matter of distribution stood over for so long that the students do not seem ever to have received the money at all!

Concerts were given regularly, but, to our way of thinking, the programmes would be somewhat monotonous. There was always a Symphony by Haydn or Mozart, vocal solos and concerted pieces by Italian composers whose names are now sunk into oblivion, and usually a student's composition by Lucas or Mudie.

An interesting event at the concert on September 6th, 1828, was the débüt of "Master W. S. Bennet," who played a Sonata of Dussek's.

V. M.

(To be continued.)

The Dove.

There flew into my garden this springtime
A pigeon—or a dove, I'm not sure which,
(We'll say the latter, for at least 'twill rhyme.
While the dissyllable might cause a hitch).
I should premise that this authentic tale
Took place in Hampstead's hygienic vale.

The pretty bird then fixed on her abode,
And set to work at once to find a mate:
She nested in a tree off Finchley Road,
Seeming to find that name appropriate.
All day she strove an unknown love to woo
With the lugubrious call of "Cuck—our—r—r—roo!"

Alas! poor dove! She hailed from Bloomsbury,
 Born near the great museum of that ilk,
 Where you might think all languages that be
 She would imbibe like mother's—er, pigeon's milk.
 She picked up much, but like those London sluts,
 Could not pronounce her r's—no, not for nuts!
 And so her amorous gurgling "Cuck—our—r—r—r—roo!"
 Since that the r was 'ardly to be 'eard,
 Degenerated into plain "Cuckoo,"
 And only brought her a plebeian bird.
 Her friends have boycotted her and all pass,
 Scouting her hybrid offspring as "no class!"

MORAL.

Fair maids, avoid those blemishes of speech:
 Be not a silly cuckoo, be a dove!
 In vain we strive the final r to teach
 If you maltreat the language that we love.
 Of pure speech be an aider and a betterer,
 Nor say "fau evah" and "he (r) own" etcetera.

A Drama of Lost Inspiration.

THE AWAKENING OF A MUS. DOC.

Do you know that mystical moment during a night's life, usually somewhere between midnight and 2.30, when all movement ceases, when even the rain-drops pause, suspended, as if wondering what result their journey will bring, and when it seems as though Mother Earth herself stayed to listen? And if you do, have you ever dropped off to sleep at that very moment, and had a glimpse into one corner or another of that mysterious kingdom called by the uninitiated the Land of Fantasy, but which everyone with a grain of sense knows to be the real Realm of Reality? I never think of talking about any of the doings in that dear world—some of which are so beautiful, some so terrible, but all so purifying—without good cause, but the following revelation bearing upon those delightful wee people in the Land of our Fairy Spirits, and consequently of so much importance to ourselves, seems to compel me for once to break through my usual wall of secrecy, and briefly to set it down for those to understand who can.

Now I had barely closed my eyes when I found myself in the presence of my Fairy Spirit—Ever—that delightful little elf who is my fairy guardian, and who has always tried so hard to teach me heavenly things, with, I fear, such heart-rending results. I was, of course, invisible, but on my part I could as usual follow her every action and read every dear thought of hers. She was sitting in her room her lovely eyes wet with tears bending over a most beautiful crystal casket from which shone such a glory of colour as could ne'er, I think, be surpassed, for it verily seemed as though all the beauty of the universe had been gathered together and made to shine and sparkle by means of some holy light—although the meaning of this splendour was as yet unrevealed to me. As the room was wrapped in gloom I was barely able to distinguish the form of another Fairy Spirit—Surely—Ever's betrothed, who was reclining

on a couch by the far window. From the purity of Ever's grief, I knew it to be of no selfish origin, and, following her thoughts, I soon discovered that Surely was the cause of her pain. It seemed that lately he had lost all his artistic perceptions, and being both a fairy and a musician this was an awesome trial to himself as well as to those about him. All sense of pitch seemed to have forsaken him, and as he was now quite unable to play his violin in tune, had been forced—strange as this may seem—to leave the orchestra to which he belonged. And so, fearing—rightly—for her loved one's very life, Ever had been on a visit to Earth—for this is allowed once to every Fairy Spirit—and there had learnt that Surely's mortal charge a composer of real genius, had recently entered a School of Music, and had there during his twelve months' studies been so taught to despise melody and all that is beautiful in harmony, and only to study the "Thou Shalt Not" Rules, that his inspiration had become dried up, leaving him little more than a crumpled machine. This, of course, had worked upon Surely, and when Ever's determined efforts to wake him from the indifference into which he had fallen had utterly failed, she realized she must do for him what he would not do for himself. So she had gathered together all she could that was noble and beautiful—Purity had given her some of the blue of a summer sky caught from the sea—from Pity, Love's own sister, she had an ounce of tears of the very finest quality—the sparkle taken from a ball of foam was Beauty's contribution—and Joy had sent a glad note from a nightingale's song—and with these and many other wondrous gifts she had added her own virtues of Hope, Simplicity and Humility, had tied them up in a little amber sunset cloud with the Golden Rule of Life: "Do to others as ye would they should do to you," and had placed this glorious parcel in her Casket of Faith. Full well she knew, her virtues no more her own, that to visit Earth a second time would necessitate her passing through the Awful Portals, so, taking her last great gift, the Gift of Love, which being Love's own Soul she knew would endure with Life through Eternity, she laid it on Surely's lips before departing to fulfil her great mission. Too late, alas! to present the Sacrifice, Surely awoke to gather unto himself the Supreme Gift, and, knowing his days of inactivity to be for ever numbered, fortified by his now steady determination, he hastened to follow in her wake to see what best he could do to make what Should Be a more worthy continuation of his Soul's ne'er-ending existence.

And now the scene changed, and there before me, lying on his bed, I saw the student, although his identity was as yet hidden from me. The very appearance of his body indicated the battle waging within him; but there, facing him, stood Ever, her hands uplifted, pouring towards him in a seemingly endless stream the contents of the now empty casket; and as she did so there suddenly broke forth the most rapturous melody that ever mortal ears could hear, causing the poor worn body gradually to take unto itself new life, and bringing a smile of such ecstatic joy to the face that one could only pause with wonder. But for me it was a double amazement, for there I now recognized one whom I myself had taught these twelve months. So I was the real author of this drama of Two Worlds—it was I who had stifled inspiration, caused Surely's spiritual starvation and rendered necessary Ever's sacrifice! And, turning towards her, I saw that her mission was on the point of fulfilment, and that she was about to pay the last Great Price of Love. But there on the threshold stood Surely, the Gift of Love still flaming about him, making him resplendent in the gloom. His eyes on Ever, he perceived he was too late to stay the coming of the Great Nurse

of Future Life, and, falling there beside her who had given her life that he might live, he vowed not only to be the never-ending flow of inspiration to him whom he had so long neglected, but to carry on Ever's own good work and labour until he was able to show to the so-called teacher of music the utter unworthiness of his past, full well knowing this realization to be the dawn of success—the ever open door through which all inspiration must flow.

And so I awoke to thank the Controller of All Things for this brief vision of my hitherto little dreamt-of incapacity.

E. L. HINDLEY.

Beauty's Lover.

If no one comes a-courting me,
Mine own lover I will be.
Ev'ry night
I will write
Sonnets to my "peerless she,"
Praising now her auburn hair.
Now her skin, all marble fair;
Now her hands—her hazel eyes—
Liquid pools of mysteries—
Now her soft and rounded arm—
Ev'ry charm
That in my mirror I can see,
In my songs shall praiséd be.
Till nor Trojan Helena,
Beatrice, Laura, Julia,
Of whose fair great poets tell
Shall be loved or sung so well
—All their fame I will excel.
'Stead of sighing lackadye
If no one comes a-wooing me,
Mine own lover I will be,
So that all Posterity
Shall wish it might have courted me!

C.C.C.

Thoughts about Amateurs.

PHONOLOGICALLY speaking, the word "amateur" is a name given to one who interests himself in an art or science for the love of it, rather than from professional or monetary considerations. Unfortunately, in its current use, the word has begun to suggest that far less desirable being the ignorant dabbler and dilettante, noted for the narrowness of his scope and the general slipshodness of his methods.

Of all the arts music has the largest following of amateurs. This is because music is the one inevitable accomplishment included in everyone's education; painting is not so popular, possibly because it is not so accessible to most, and though there may be a large number of literary dilettantes, their work is of a quiet, less obtrusive nature, and we hear little about them. They do not gather together, as do the gregarious musical amateurs, and they do not talk

All amateur musicians talk. It would not matter if they only

made music, but they needs must make conversation as well, and that on all occasions. One hears them at concerts whispering together. They talk of the family history of the performer, the secret intentions of the composers, and the remarkable prowess, musically, of their nieces and nephews. They interrupt the performance of every item with sibilant and ecstatic cries of "Exquisite!" and "Superb!" There is one enthusiastic lady often to be seen at Promenade Concerts who pinches her neighbour's arm and hisses "Listen!" rapturously whenever a phrase appeals to her, to the never-failing surprise and physical discomfort of the said neighbour, usually a complete stranger.

Amateurs may be divided into two classes: those who love music and those who love musicians.

When they love music, it is usually the music of the romantic and emotional school, sometimes bordering on the sentimental. Among songs, "Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix" (known to them as "Samson and Delilah") is an easy favourite. Chopin, Grieg, and some of the more straightforward compositions of Liszt represent piano-forte music. Cellists have a hankering after "Le Cygne," "The Broken Melody," and the works of Squire, while the violinists evince an unaccountable passion for Raft's "Cavatina," and—the more advanced that is—succumb to the fascination of Wieniaski, who provided fireworks to the perennial delights of all amateurs. The amateur has heard of Beethoven, in fact he's read about him in that delightful series, "Days with Famous Composers" (with illustrations), but he understands that his works are more in the professional's province. Bach he regards as a dry-as-dust pedagogue who wrote Preludes and Fugues, chiefly for inclusion in the syllabuses of the Associated Board Examinations.

So much for the amateur who loves music! But now for the hero worshipper.

Almost every well known virtuoso has a following of enthusiastic and adoring women who buy tickets for all his concerts, read with much zest the more eulogistic and glowing of his press-notices, and are prepared to champion his every action with the fiercest frenzy of partisanship. There is a certain celebrated young Russian pianist, enjoying at present the greatest possible popularity, who has among his followers six faithful ladies. These attend every concert at which he appears, within a twelve mile radius of London. They always take the middle seats of the very front row, so that he may be aware of their proximity and support. They take keen interest in his health, and tell each other concernedly that he is getting thin (or fat). They are all above middle age, and the eldest, who is also the leader of the party, has an ear-trumpet, into which the others murmur their intermittent "Exquisite!" and "Superb!" The ear-trumpet lady herself has a particularly loud and indiscriminate "Exquisite," which she times very badly, often thinking that the hero has finished when he has merely raised his hands from the keyboard, and giving him premature applause. During the interval and at the end of the concert the whole party press their way round to the artistes' room, where they endorse their previous adulatory ejaculations.

The foregoing are types of amateurs who listen. Of amateurs who perform much might be written, for they flourish in every latitude and on every soil, and are to be found in their thousands in Belgravia as well as in Brixton. It is for them that the "Pleasing

"Morceaux de Salon" and "Intermezzos" (very easy and pretty) are written. It is they who buy Star Folios, and cycles of picturesque pieces with poems printed under the titles, and glowing sunsets on the artistic grey-green covers. It is they who practice Liszt's Liebestraum and Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" until their neighbours grow weary. There are even special faults quite peculiar to them, such as a hopeless passion for the "loud" pedal, and a morbid desire to play one hand after the other. Amateur violinists are comparatively few, and they are really quite useful in local orchestral societies. Singers, of course, deserve a separate article to themselves, and a long one!

There is, fortunately, a small percentage of amateurs who are music-lovers in the best sense of the term. The good they do in the way of discriminate encouragement cannot be underestimated, and they are much to be envied in that they can serve music without thought of monetary gain.

It must be remembered, however, when pointing the finger of scorn at amateurs and their peculiarities, that they represent the greater part of the musical public, and that without them the professional would not exist.

For who buys his compositions? Who buys tickets for his concerts? Who weekly pays him exorbitant fees for lessons?

The Amateur!

VERA MARTIN.

SOCIAL



NOTES.

Sir A. C. Mackenzie gave a lecture at the Royal Institute on June 23rd. The subject was the "Life and Work of Sir Hubert Parry." A large number of R.A.M. and R.C.M. people were present, including Dr. Allen, the Director of the College. Songs were sung by Miss Agnes Nicholls, accompanied by Mr. Hamilton Harty, and other illustrations were performed by R.A.M. students.

* * * * *

Miss Olga Haley and Mr. Spencer Dyke were the artistes at Branch A.'s social meeting on March 8th. They gave a most enjoyable programme.

* * * * *

On March 18th, members of Branch B. had the pleasure of hearing students of the Guildhall School of Music in a concert at the Duke's Hall. Mr. Landon Ronald and Sir Alexander Mackenzie were present. A large number of professors also came, but, considering the interest of the occasion, the attendance of Club members and students was unsatisfactory. A return visit was paid to the Guildhall on June 12th. A musical programme was given by several of our students, who were most cordially welcomed.

Miss Hilda Dederich was the solo pianiste in Saint-Saëns' "Africa" Fantasie, performed at the second orchestral concert given by Mr. Albert Coates, at the Queen's Hall, in May.

Miss Gwladys Partridge expects to leave for a six months' American tour in November.

Mrs. K. Jackson (née Miss Rene Blackie), who was married at St Martin's-in-the-Field, on April 23, left for her new home in Banffshire in May.

Recent student and ex-student recital givers include the following: The Misses Isabel Gray, Joyce Ansell, Peggy Cochrane, Katie Goldsmith, Edith Abraham, and Mr. W. Davies.

At a concert which took place recently in Coventry, Mr. John Vanzihl deputized for Mr. Robert Radford. A very gratifying account of the concert was given in the local press.

Mr. Quarry, until recently Acting Secretary of the R.Q.M., has been spending much of his time with his son, who, like himself, has just been "demobbed." The thanks of all are due to him for his war work at the Academy, and his kindly personality will be much missed.

On March 31st, at the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth, Miss Sylvia Carmine's orchestral sketch, "Kermene," and two songs with orchestral accompaniment, "Finland Love Song," and "Serenade," were performed. The singer was Mr. Sydney Ellis. Another student who has been distinguishing herself under Mr. Dan Godfrey's baton is Miss Kelma Howarth.

GLADYS E. CHESTER.

The Musician of the Wilderness.

AN INCIDENT OF A WALKING TOUR IN THE NORTH.



NE lovely summer evening at the close of a long day's tramp over the cliffs of the north-east coast, we found ourselves far from home and rather weary. The sun was setting, and as the light failed so did our courage also. We were hungry, lost and utterly alone, and we knew that we had yet several miles to travel along this wild and rugged coast, which is treacherous to the unwary stranger. Our hearts sank as we thought of darkness approaching, but we tried to appear cheerful, and went forward bravely on our way.

We were climbing a steep headland at the time, which stood at some little distance from the sea, our idea being to find out the plan of the coast line while there was yet light. Suddenly, as we climbed, my companion stopped to listen intently, and I heard very faintly the sound of a violin. It seemed incredible—all around was But the sound continued, and we looked at each other with rather

scared expressions. The breeze was blowing gently from the land, so desolation, and no one would come there to practise at that hour! the sound rose and fell. After a few minutes we plucked up courage and resolved to fathom the mystery, while our weariness seemed to vanish instantly. We traced the sound to the point where it seemed to appear loudest, and then our excitement grew intense as we discovered that a narrow fissure at this place ran along the top of the cliff. At this we looked rather anxiously at each other and murmured, "Caves!" But our interest was too keen to leave the matter thus, and we determined to seek out this solitary musician.

We retraced our steps round the foot of the cliff, and there, securely screened off from the gaze of the outside world, we found the caves. The centre one had been turned into a dwelling place with a door made of planks, through which the funnel of a stove projected. It looked quite comfortable and snug to weary travellers, for outside the door lay two cats on a mat—one black, the other snow white. As we came up a dog barked furiously inside the cave, and the owner appeared on the threshold. He was an elderly man, and he had the shy manner of one who has lived much alone. We explained to him our position and how the sound of his violin had guided us to him, and we became friends very quickly. He insisted that we should rest for an hour or so while he prepared supper, and that later, when the moon rose, he would guide us on our way to the road, from which we would have no more difficulty in reaching our destination. We gladly consented, and we lay in contentment on the greensward outside the cave till supper was ready. Afterwards he played to us and told us stories of his lonely life with his animals for sole companions. Once a week he visited the nearest village to buy food, and this was his only communication with the outside world.

In summer it seemed to us a life full of charm and peace as we sat there in the evening light listening to the gentle wash of the waves on the shingle, but then he spoke of the winter storms, when the sea broke in fury over the rocks below. On these wild nights the cattle gathered in the neighbouring caves for shelter, and he was glad of their companionship. It was a strange experience, and later, when we found our way over the cliffs under his guidance, we felt glad that after all we were just ordinary mortals to whom civilisation, including London, could still offer many attractions.

EDITH A. CAIRNEY.

Matter.

All Students are invited to send in contributions for our next issue addressed to the Editor not later than the second week of the term. One side of the paper should be written on only; and, if typewritten, the greater will be our obligation. The Editor does not undertake to give any reason for the possible exclusion of matter sent in, the publication of which would be contrary to the policy of the Academite. Copies first in hand and available space are important factors. No anonymous contributions will be considered.

Jen de Mots.

Art Knott Reddie, fair maiden, to row o'er the lake,

Far from the Booth Nye the Whitehouse,

To Moore the light Keel like a Larkcom to make

A quiet nest where it ne'er can be seen.

Where Pollard-trees Russell and a Mason with art

Has hidden the Dyke under Greene?

There to gaze over Miles of the Dale with its Wood,

Whitemore than Greenish with blossoms,

Else S(w) instead watch the Martin in search of its food.

Whirl and flit by on untiring wings,

While I Ernestly Read in your eyes all my heart

That vibrates like a Bell as it rings.

Then I'll spin you a tale from Farjeon o' Groats

Of how skilled were the Corders, and loyal,

Who wrought Webbe and Woof of the magical Coates

To protect from the Shinn-Feiner's guiles

The delicate Child from the Western shore,

Who Rose to be King of the Iles.

Come, hie us away from Marylebone Road.

Where our Borsdorff their hats as we Busby,

Where trolleymen Creightons of Cole from the Pitt,

Sopersuading Tobias though still

Hard Winter with summer ne'er played Cocks and Bosc,

And loosened his dear Bond, and chill.

See! our Driver impatiently Phillips his horse

And sighs for a long draught of Meux,

No Wesselyan he, to Walenn discourse

On the ways that Old Nick may be Foyled,

But crusty and Rudallthough right kind of heart,

He fears lest our outing be spoiled.

RUSSELL CHESTER.

A Rondelet.

After exams are over

Hard work I mean to cease;

After exams are over,

I'll simply be in clover;

Those who still toil are geese—

I'm going to have some peace,

After exams are over.

C. C. C.

The Dramatic Class.

The Dramatic Class, under the direction of Mr. Acton Bond, Hon. R.A.M., is one of the most interesting classes at the Royal Academy of Music, and all students of elocution would do well to join our little party. We give a "show" each term, and varied indeed is our repertoire, even in an academical year. We dip into the realms of Shakespeare and produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; then we live in an up-to-date canteen comedy entitled "Poached Eggs and Pearls," and our latest effort has been an Old Comedy production—"The Rivals." We gave two performances of each of the above, and all who witnessed them must, I feel sure, think that we *endeavoured* to reach a high level of excellence.

What do we do during term? Well! we first of all read over the play we intend to study. In due course, Mr. Bond casts the play, and we then do the best we can with our parts. Personally, I study my part and then learn the words. If there are points that elude one, it is helpful to go to see a play in town in which there is a similar character portrayed, or to spend a delightful day at a picture gallery; the constant study of his fellow-men is quite essential to an actor. Why, even at the R.A., one meets with a thousand and one original people, and the originality in the Dramatic Class is sometimes overpoweringly good, and provokes merriment from the other students. But, as we all have our turn, we laugh with the others, and really, we do have a jolly time.

When one is mostly "worked up" in one's part, and thinking things are *AI*, it is humiliating to have to be instructed in the art of kissing one's lady love! Again, the heroine, being over sensitive at the marked attention of her "dashing Captain Absolute," indulges in a movement of shoulders closely resembling gymnastic exercises. Our substantial squire, who is an ardent worker, retires from view to practise singing, and when required to come on the scene, is in room "60." Old Sir Anthony, though he puts plenty of "port wine" into his part, much prefers a brandy liqueur. "Olive" branches and a "bird" are saucy when "Lucy" is about, and with eyes such as the wenches had, well, what could the man of "Emerald Isle" have done had he not been "canny" and at heart a "shrew"?

I was going to make some nice remarks about our prof., but, as usual, that telephone has rung and called him away, and opportunities for jazzing must not be neglected.

C. WATSON.

R.A.M Club, Branch "B."

NOTICE.

The attention of members, and others, is called to the following bye-law, recently passed by the Committee:—

"Members of Branch B may not introduce present students at the R.A.M. as visitors to Social Meetings of either Branch, without the approval of at least two Members of the Committee."

The object is not to make the Club exclusive, but rather to provide one more good reason why every student should be a Member. Committee-men's approval will be granted only in exceptional circumstances.

Nomination forms and all information may be had from the Commissionaire.

RUSSELL E. CHESTER.

Hon Secretary.

A Song against the Gallery and Pit.

I am weary of the gallery and pit,
Where they never give you room enough to sit—
 The Dress Circle is the place
 I would preferably grace,
But I wouldn't mind a stall or box a bit.

I am weary of those long waits in the queue—
Of standing, sardine-packed, an hour or two,
 Whilst hearing all around
 The most irritating sound
Of Bromide platitudes, both old and new.

I am weary of the gallery and pit,
Of a narrow seat without a back to it;
 But what makes my flesh to creep
 Is that when I'm moved to weep,
The dunderheads all round me laugh to split.

I am weary of the gallery and pit,
Of straining ears, eyes, back, to catch a bit
 Of what's happ'ning on the stage;
 And of swallowing down my rage,
When some wretch near by me starts a coughing fit.

Oh, why does cruel Fate maltreat me so?
She makes me to the theatre crave to go;
 But o'er and o'er again,
 She turns half my joy to pain,
Till, enraged, I swear "I *will not* go there—*No!*"

Yet, with such a love of drama am I smit,
That I needs must clench my teeth and show my grit,
 For, unless my wages rise,
 I am doomed to patronise
Those dear old friends—the gallery and pit.

CYNTHIA C. COX.

Guess Who's.

GUESS who are the irresistibles.

GUESS who is the young violinist that gives the refreshment room a rather "cabaret" aspect by playing at various tables at tea time.

GUESS who are the conjurers.

GUESS who were the "Three persons in a boat" (with apologies to Jerome K. Jerome).

GUESS who made a distinct hit by doing the Charlie Chaplin fall at the last term's Academite Social.

Concerting in France.

AS TOLD TO R.E.C. BY AN F.R.C.O.



WAS strumming a piano in Havre, one day, when up walked a sergeant.

"You're the very man I want for my concert-party in town," he said.

"Very glad you met me; but have you got any music? or will someone whistle a tune in my ear and say: 'Play (or accompany) that?'"

"Of course we have music; come along." So I went.

The concert-party consisted of two Tommies, who knew three songs between them: "Roses of Picardy," "A Perfect Day," and some other. Of course, both knew "Picardy," and both were anxious to sing it.

Our first concert began "thusly": A song, a piano solo, another song before I was moved up to other duties.

Less ludicrous, such tunes as "The British Grenadiers," "Three Blind Mice," "They wouldn't believe me," etc., and accompanying them, before and betwixt, with the usual "patter."

That helped to pass the time but we were nearly at the end of our resources and thought it well to ask for help from the audience. "Volunteers" were shy at first but that difficulty was soon settled by my playing over a ragtime "until ready," and saying "Sorry, but I shall have to keep on at this job until someone comes to relieve me."

Two or three singers came up together. Of course, we had no music, and there was some squabbling behind the scenes as to who should begin.

"Do you know this?" (to me, and one whistled a couple of bars of something unfamiliar). "No, I don't." "Yes you do!" "I tell you I don't." "Of course you do," and he stalked on to the platform, and we began.

When I think of it now, I go hot all over, just as I do when I remember how I left the *trumpet* stop out during a service at St. Paul's. But I got used to such experiences, and they did me good.

At first, the sergeant was not pleased with the way I played ragtime. No wonder, since that part of my musical education had been sadly neglected. The secret of success seems never to play as written, and always to be a shade before, or behind, what is expected.

Soon, from among the "volunteers" we added some regular members to the concert-party, and we had some very jolly sing-songs, before I was moved up to other duties.

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Guess Who's.

GUESS which young lady (being an ardent admirer of Chaplin on the film) was particularly impressed at the display of real technique in the falling.

GUESS who maintained that she could not possibly sing or play "sharp," because she lived in a flat.

GUESS who (plural) attributed the results of the fifth section harmony paper exams, to the fact that it was announced on the thirteenth day of the month, and a Friday to boot.

GUESS who was seen in a class room "on bended knees." Was romance or merely elocution the explanation?

GUESS who finds the refreshment room a very good place for the writing of letters and postcards, etc., of a tender character.

GUESS who are the "wild, wild ladies." Some more apologies.)

Two Poems.

TO A MAKER OF MUSIC.

Be not too wise; be not too wise.
Create it for yourself alone.
Truth never meant it to be shown
For learned heads to criticise.
Honour your gift; it is your own.
Care for it, or it quickly dies.

TO MY CAT.

The cat is cherished for her fur,
And for her interesting purr.
Bereft of these, we greatly fear
We should not hold her half so dear.
She always comes when she is called.
She sheds her coat in summer.
We hope she never will be bald,
As it would not become her.
The dog is not her special friend—
He makes her hair to stand on end.
She is a Thomas cat withal,
Of very great renown,
They know her as the Farnham Belle,
All over London town:
In one thing she is very naughty,—
She does not like the pianoforte.

EVA PAIN.

Stop Press "Guess Who's."

GUESS who seemed to have taken an extreme delight in being the bearer of most unwelcome news.

GUESS who carries around in her music bag a large photograph of a celebrated actor who is now playing at the Queen's Theatre.

GUESS who lost all of their chocolate money by backing Paper Money (apologies) Derby week.

GUESS who said that they prefer room 18 to any other.

GUESS which fair violinist said of the recent exams that she was sure they were much worse than getting married.

GUESS which promising contralto was missing from the dance on Peace Night, and admitted afterwards that she had been on the roof, "to watch the searchlights."

GUESS which couple *sat out* all the time on the same occasion.

GUESS who is the Sporty Girl.

GUESS which contralto was overheard saying that she hated music but loved singing.

GUESS which composer declared his preference for a pretty girl rather than a clever one.

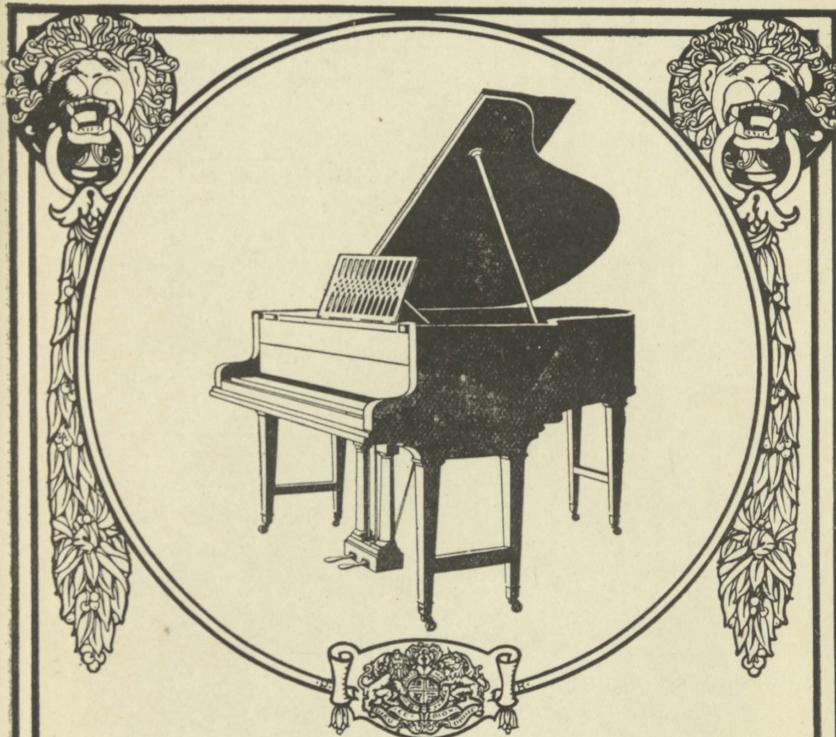
GUESS which pianiste, upon being asked if she intended changing her professor, replied in the negative, as her present professor was *such a darling*.

GUESS who without disrespect, is sometimes called "My Slavey."

GUESS who are the jolly band of flappers.

GUESS who, stating that she was going to see "Kissing Time," was asked if she were at all acquainted with the famous ballad that was featured in "Chu Chin Chow."

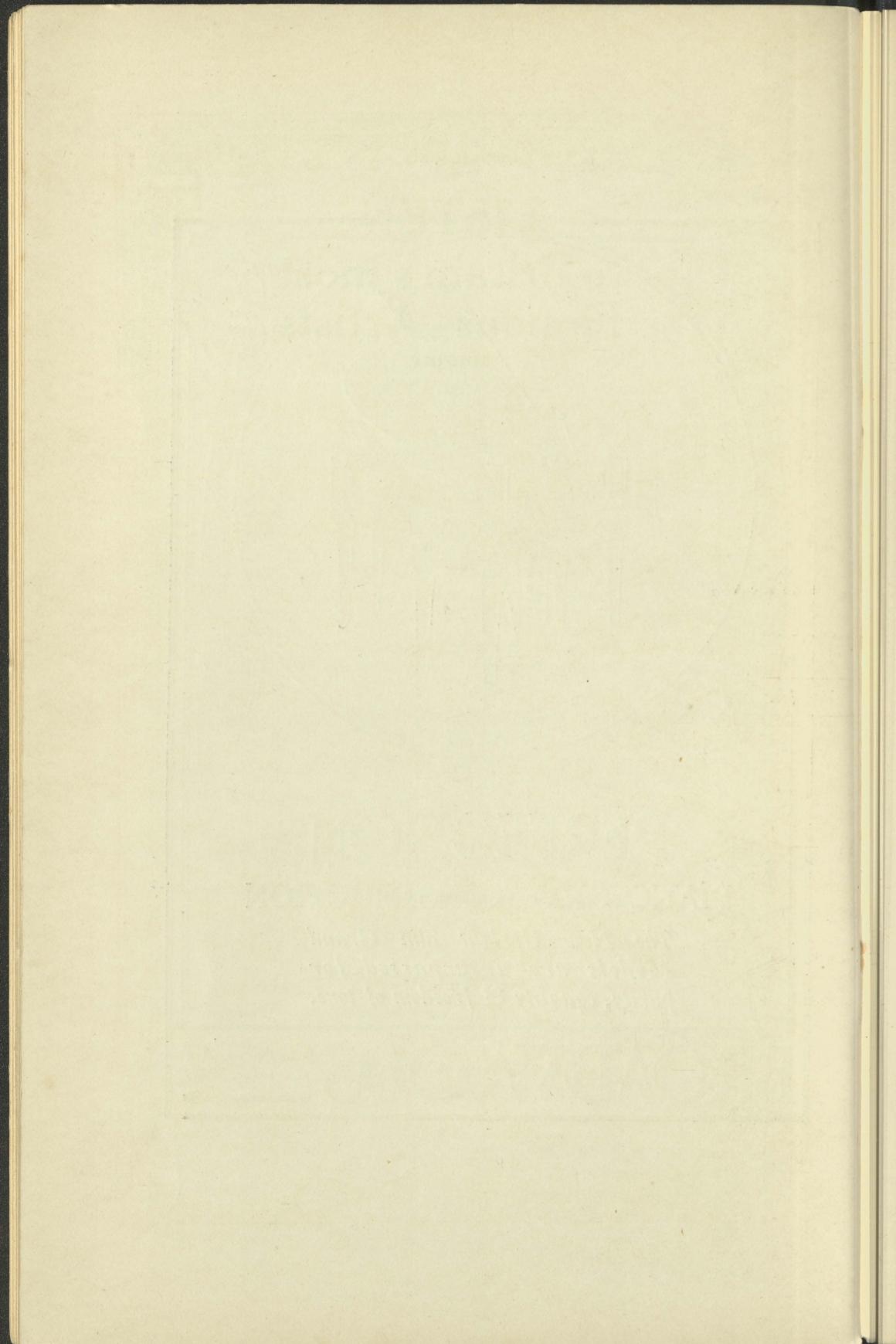




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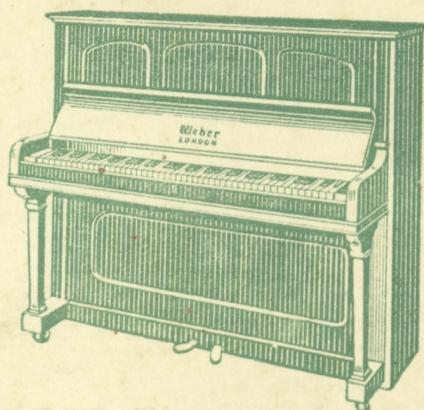
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